

Really worth fighting for

It is, too! Have you seen the prize? Mabel is holding it up to encourage them. It is just a great big tin of

Maison Lyons TOFFEE

You see both Johnny and Freddie have had some Maison Lyons Toffees before. That's why they are both going all out to get that tinful. They feel they would just love some more of that delicious toffee. So will you, when once you've tried it.

6d. per 1/4 lb.

SOLD AT THE
Maisons Lyons
Corner Houses
LYONS' TEASHOPS
and by
AGENTS EVERYWHERE
J. LYONS & CO. LTD LONDON W



Are You Troubled by ASTHMA

Is your life a misery owing to attacks of that awful, strangling cough, which torments you day and night? If so, Potter's Asthma Cure is what you want. It gives immediate relief, however great your suffering. A Free Trial of

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is offered to every reader, because we know a practical test is the best argument. It enables you to go about your daily duties in comfort. Wonderful also in bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and other lung troubles. Best remedy for bronchitis of children. Free from opiates, and cannot cause headache or bad after-effects. Obtainable of all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/6 from Potter & Clark, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.C.1.

Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors. A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or

Sign this Form to-day and post to address above.

Name.....
Address.....
"The People"

The Hall of Perfection Home

The hall of the "Perfection" Home always gives a clean, cosy greeting. It shines and beams, and bids you enter and make the acquaintance of the other "Perfection" rooms. It extends a really wholesome and fascinating welcome. Perfection Soap is the personality behind this cheery hospitality. Its presence is a guarantee of cleanly comfort.

"Perfection" is hard on the dirt but light on the hands.

£10,000 IN CASH
for Perfection users. See particulars in cartons, or cut out this advertisement and send it with your name and address to £10,000 Dept., Joseph Crosfield & Sons, Ltd., Warrington, for details of their great competition.

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS, LTD., WARRINGTON.



TRADE DISPUTES ENDING. CHEERING OUTLOOK. BUILDERS THE ONE BLACK SPOT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
Ton Pentre, Saturday night. The Rhondda non-unionist strike, which rendered over 40,000 miners idle since Easter, has been brought to an end by the Executive of the Rhondda District of Miners, who held a special meeting at Porth to-night. The meeting declared for a resumption of work on Monday.
It is reported that as a result of the strike, the district membership has been brought up to a hundred per cent. standard, and now numbers over 40,000, exclusive of the 3,000 men employed by two of the lodges which have been temporarily excommunicated from the Federation as a punishment for their disloyalty in failing to cease work in accordance with the District's decision. The struggle has been attended by the most disastrous results to the country's coal export trade, which has suffered to the extent of 170,000 tons, and the Channel roads are blocked with vessels which have been idly moored during the past few days waiting to be loaded.

BUILDING IMPASSE.
With the posting throughout the country yesterday of notices by the building employers enforcing a reduction of wages and an extension of working hours from Saturday next a dispute involving nearly half a million workers comes to a crisis.

There are still faint hopes that the meeting of executives in London called by the Operatives' Federation for tomorrow may result in suggestions on which further negotiations can be based, though both sides are making every preparation for all contingencies. Complete breakdown of the recent negotiations followed a failure to agree on proposals for arbitration.

Suggestion and counter-suggestion were as follows:—
Men: Willing to submit validity of lock-out notices to arbitration of three K.C.s. No wage arbitration.
Employers: Willing to arbitrate on whole question, but not on a part. It was stated on inquiry at the headquarters of the building employers in London, yesterday, that the situation was unchanged, and that there were no developments in the direction of arbitration or intervention by the Ministry of Labour, or any other official body.

The employers do not agree that the operation of the notices will mean a lock-out, as the works are to be open for all who care to accept the new terms.

N.U.R. TANGLE.

A repetition of the disastrous strike of 1919 is threatened by developments in the railway world, where the position is complicated by the rival claims of the N.U.R. and the craft unions, including the Amalgamated Engineering Union, to represent the shopmen, the proposed reduction of whose wages is the initial cause of the trouble.

It has been proposed by the companies that 3s. 6d. per week of this bonus should be taken off at once, and that the question of the remaining 3s. should be reconsidered in three months' time. This point is still under discussion by the craft unions, who will meet the companies again in the adjourned conference on April 19.

Should the conference result in non-acceptance by these unions of the terms proposed, strike action by the N.U.R. would automatically follow.
Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., is returning from the Continent to address a mass meeting of all grades at the Kingsway Hall to-morrow.

FISHING STRIKE RIOTS.

Wild scenes have attended the strike of fishermen at Alderdon, where the men have ceased work as a protest against the landing of fish by German trawlers.

As the foreign vessels entered the port they were stoned by fishermen. So intense became the attack that two vessels had eventually to turn and put out to sea, amid shouts of derision.

Sixty thousand workers in the pottery trade are involved in a proposed wage reduction, and unless a settlement is reached at another conference next week, a stoppage is threatened.

A ballot on the proposed reduction of glass-makers' wages of four shillings per week showed a majority of 253 against acceptance.

There is no new development, and unless some unforeseen action is taken the men must either accept the proposal or cease work.

FURIOUS WOMEN.

MAN'S PLIGHT BEFORE FREED BY POLICE.

Rescued by the police from the hands of indignant women, Walter Charles Walsh (37), a viceman, of Robert-st., St. Pancras, was yesterday, at Marylebone court, charged with assaulting Ellen Ames, a widow cleaner.

Mrs. Ames, it appeared, was knocked down in Osnaburgh-st. by accused, and rendered unconscious. A crowd collected, and a number of women set upon him.

A witness said the crowd saw prosecutrix fall and rushed upon him, shouting, "He has killed the woman!" A man then struck him on the jaw and knocked him down, after which the women kicked him. His hat and clothes were torn, his head was cut, his body bruised, and if it had not been for the police he believed he would have been killed.

Magistrate: If you knocked her about as she says, no wonder the crowd set about you.

Prisoner: I did not. She attacked me and I pushed her.

P.C. Westropp said that on his arrest about 70 persons were round accused, and a number of women were attacking him. Prosecutrix lay bleeding and unconscious in the gutter. Accused was remanded in custody.

LICKING A LEAK OF LIQUEURS. MILLION "MOP-UPS" IN A GOODS YARD.

Over a million and a quarter liqueurs turned loose in the railway station of Blanc-Misseron, which serves the little community of Quievrechin, near Valenciennes, were responsible for rather more than an hour of glorious life, only terminated by the appearance of police who had been attracted by the rich quality of the carousals inspired by the occasion.

A reservoir wagon containing some thousands of gallons of quinquina sprang a leak while standing in the station, and an aromatic rumour of this event reaching the noses of a gang of Nord railway workers engaged near by, there was speedily a general movement towards the scene of this happy disaster.

The news—and the noise—spread rapidly, and before long a veritable pilgrimage was in being: the pilgrims being equipped with every species of vessel, from panikins to pint-pots.

It was then that the gendarmes put in an unwelcome appearance—and the taps were turned off.
It is understood that the test of sobriety was the ability to enunciate distinctly, "I am domiciled in Quievrechin, near Valenciennes."

LONDON FLAT DRAMA.

(Continued from page 1).

bridge, had served in the Army in Mesopotamia during the war and contracted malaria, from which he is said to have had frequent recurring attacks.

Mrs. Penny, a smartly-dressed woman, is some years younger than her husband.

Joan, the unfortunate little girl, is best described by a neighbour, who was deeply affected by the accident:—

"She is a dear little child and exceptionally clever," he said. "We are all very fond of her, and she made friends with a lot of people. We often heard her piping little childish songs to the accompaniment of the gramophone."



A sketch of the outside of the flat showing how father and child fell from the balcony.

phone, and often she would dance to the music, to the delight of her parents."

Police officers accompanied Mr. Penny to hospital, but at a late hour last night he was unable to make any coherent statement. Detectives visited the Pennys' flat and took statements from various witnesses.

Leith Mansions are a block of self-contained flats overlooking the Paddington grounds. They are occupied mainly by professional people.

It is remarkable that in their fight from the balcony Mr. Penny and his child missed the railings of the other flats, which stand out from their windows.

MOTHERS' 'PUSH' TO BRIGHTON. DOCTOR'S PROTEST.

EASTBOURNE WOMAN THE FIRST HOME.

Yesterday was made famous in the annals of sport by the only event of its kind in history—the pram Marathon of mothers from London to Brighton.

They finished at Brighton in the following order:—

- 1. Mrs. Groom, of Eastbourne—time, 12 hrs. 20 min.
- 2. Mrs. Firmager, of Erith—time, 12 hr. 34 min.
- 3. Mrs. Alice Sunderland, of Cardiff—time, 12 hr. 43 min.

Mrs. Ada May Edwards, of Moss Side, Manchester, and Mrs. Margaret Oliver, of Walham Green, the other two competitors, did not finish, and were reported resting some seven miles out when darkness fell.

Mrs. Groom, a tall, athletic figure, who thus wins a prize of £5, is the mother of five children, and is 40 years of age. She covered the last lap in fine style, while her little two-year-old passenger beamed sunnily upon the cheering crowds.

Mrs. Firmager's baby, incidentally, is two years old to-day.

AN EARLY START.

The start was timed for 4 a.m. from Westminster, but owing to disqualifications, delays, and a strenuous protest by Dr. Gorsky, Medical Officer of the N.S.P.C.C., it was 5.30 before the "field" got away.

In spite of the early hour a considerable number of spectators, chiefly women, were present at the start, while large and enthusiastic crowds turned up at various points of the course. Bets were freely made, the favourite apparently being Mrs. Sunderland.

Mrs. Groom was leading at Redhill (30 miles) and Crawley (30 miles), while Mrs. Firmager drew up to the second place in the later stages of the race.

It was noticed that a number of men accompanying the competitors showed signs of fatigue at an early stage.

The attitude of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children towards the race was explained by an official of the society in an interview.

"The view of the director," he said, "is that the race should not have taken place, because it is possible that the Children Act, Clause 12, will be violated by it. Steps were taken to warn the competitors that they must make suitable provision, by way of halts, and so on, for the welfare of the children en route."

STATION TRAGEDY.

Crowds See Man Fall from Platform.

Crowds waiting at Charing Cross station last evening witnessed a tragedy when John Henry Owen, a fitter and turner, of Romford-rd., Manor Park, was seen to fall on the line.

He was later admitted to the Charing Cross Hospital suffering from severe injuries to his arms and legs.

He is stated to have said to those who picked him up, "I am fed up. I have got consumption."

CYCLISTS' WAR MEMORIAL.

General Sir Charles Monro unveiled, at All Saints' Church, Fulham, yesterday afternoon, a memorial to members of the 25th (Cyclist) Battalion London Regiment, who sacrificed their lives in the great war.

The memorial consists of a marble tablet erected in the south-west aisle of the church.

Free pattern SMART TENNIS COAT

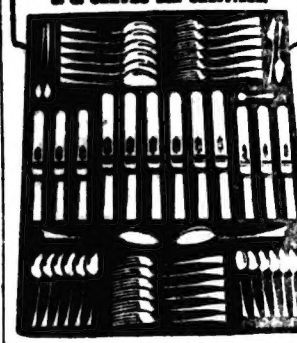
GIVEN INSIDE THIS WEEK'S WOMAN'S LIFE

ON SALE SUNDAY, APRIL 8th. THREE COATS TO ONE GUN UP TO OBTAIN A COPY, send 6d. to the Editor, Life, 214, Strand, London, W.C.2.



GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY AND SPECIAL BRASS TABLE PLATE. This Birmingham factory offers the luxury of genuine Stainless Cutlery & Brass Table Plate within the reach of all. FINEST CUTLERY VALUE IN THE WORLD.



Write for Catalogue of goods. Sheffield. Cutlery and Brassware Manufacturers & Exporters. Table Plate & C. GRAVES & CO. SHEFFIELD.

WE OFFER YOU THIS HANDSOME COSTUME FOR 4/6



Popular and beautiful. Tailor made. Good quality. A costume as you would wish to wear. Colours: Navy-blue, grey, and white. Perfect cut. Fresh from the mill. Particulars: 27/6, on Easy Plan. Read 4/6 now, with money, say 2/6 down, and the balance 2/0 on 12 months. Or if you prefer, we will pay for it. Quality, no matter how good, is no use unless it is comfortable. We pay for it. Price List of Costumes and Coat Frocks (2/6). See Page 10. MASTERS, Ltd., 214, Strand, S.W.1.

WE SHALL HAVE RAIN. BLISS'S Raincoat Specialists.

7, NEW HILL, BIRMINGHAM, are offering 2,000 RAINCOATS. Material Guaranteed. Price per illustration in the colours: FAWN - 12/11. Navy Blue 10/11. Cash returned if not satisfied. Scotch and Irish Cheviots 1/- on. When Colours & Measurements Over Walbrook, made from 12th to 14th Street.

Delicious, Pure and Health Giving SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE



For Cakes, Puddings, and Pastry. BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.

LUXOR HERO DEAD.

PASSING OF LORD CARNARVON.

THE MOSQUITO BITE. QUEER THEORIES.

Lord Carnarvon, who discovered the tomb of King Tutankhamen at Luxor, died peacefully on April 5 at 2 a.m. from pneumonia. He was conscious almost to the end, says Reuter from Cairo.

He had been hovering between life and death for some days, and it was only his amazing vitality that delayed the end. First he was reported sinking, then he would rally; next a turn for the worse, and then an improvement. But the curtain fell at last.

Lady Carnarvon, who hurried to Egypt a fortnight ago, making the first stage of the journey by air, was at the bedside almost continuously since the crisis of pneumonia appeared.

After Tutankhamen's tomb had been sealed up for the season the Earl developed blood poisoning, attributed to a mosquito bite in the face. This was followed by a severe attack of pneumonia and pleurisy.

The King has sent the following message to Lord Carnarvon, who succeeds his father in the earldom:

The Queen and I have learned with great regret of the death of your father, especially after the splendid fight which was made for his life. We offer you and your dear mother and family our sincere sympathy in your great bereavement.

HAND OF VENGEANCE?

A controversy is raging over a suggestion that there is a sinister significance in the fate of Lord Carnarvon.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle considers that it was dangerous for Lord Carnarvon to enter the tomb owing to occult or other influences. "An evil elemental—an imbued force which may be brought into being by spirit means or by nature—may have caused the fatal illness," he said.

Miss Marie Corelli's suggestion that possibly he was not merely the victim of a mosquito bite, has not been idly accepted.

Already special scientific investigations and tests are being made of the preservatives used in some of the boxes and packings unearthed at Luxor.

The French Academy of Tropical Medicine (with which there is associated the London College) are in-



Lord Carnarvon, who succeeds to the title.

investigating the amazing theory that Lord Carnarvon was bitten by a many-centuried mosquito which had lain dormant in the tomb of the Pharaoh, and awakened to life by the influx of fresh air upon the unsealing of the tomb.

"All this business about Lord Carnarvon having been brought to his end by magic is dangerous nonsense," Sir H. Rider Haggard told a Rotarian audience at Hastings.

It was dangerous, he said, because it went to swell the rising tide of superstition which at present seemed to be overflowing the world. Did they suppose that God Almighty would permit a Pharaoh, who after all was only a man with a crown on his head, to murder people by magical means, thousands of years after his own death, and to let loose what people in spiritualist circles called an elemental, which he sent riding to torment a devil?

Lord Carnarvon, who was in his 57th year, succeeded his father in 1900, when he was 24. He was a man of varied pursuits—scientific farmer, racehorse owner and breeder, big game hunter, author of works on excavations in Egypt, portrait photographer, and a great traveller, having been round the world three times before he was 25 years of age.

Seven years after he came into the title Lord Carnarvon made his debut on the turf, and Mr. Morrison Cannon was the first and successful winner of his colours on a grey in the Belier Plate at Derby in 1907.

Lord Carnarvon, who becomes the new Earl Carnarvon, is well known gentleman rider and an officer of the 7th Hussars. Lord Carnarvon was married last July in St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendell, of New York, Prince George being among the company.

BABY'S FATE IN COPPER.

STARTLING EVIDENCE IN UNUSUAL CASE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Portsmouth, Saturday.—Strange disclosures were made at Portsmouth police court to-day when, following the disappearance of a baby, Nellie Misen was charged with failing to register under the Infants' Protection Act a child she had taken charge of as a ward. She pleaded guilty.

Evidence showed that the baby was born on Dec. 15 last, and arrangements were made with Misen to take care of it. It was suggested that she should receive £100. Eventually £20 was sent by the mother.

Evlyn Hayward, of Lion-terrace, Portsea, said that she was aware that Misen had taken charge of the baby. She knew that the child was very delicate and became ill, and that Misen would not send for a doctor because she had not registered it. The baby died about the end of February.

Asked by the magistrate's clerk what became of the body, witness said that Misen destroyed it. She put it under the copper and burnt it.

Insp. Phillips said that he had searched the house in which Misen lived, but could discover no trace of the body.

Misen's story was that she had seen an announcement in the Press that anyone failing to register a nurse child was liable to six months' imprisonment. This frightened her, and was the reason she did not call in a doctor.

Insp. Phillips also stated that he had no reason to believe that the child died anything but a natural death. Misen had two other nurse children, who appeared to be well looked after.

Misen was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

HUMAN DRAMAS.

YESTERDAY'S SIDELIGHTS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

Bath-room as Scullery.—A tenant of a flat told the Acton Bench that he used the bath-room as a scullery, and the bath itself as a sink, adding that the room was used as a coal-cellar by a previous tenant.

Shop Manager Sentenced.—Pleading guilty, Arthur Miles (30), shop manager, of Fairview Mansions, New Cross Gate, was at West London sentenced to a month's hard labour for embezzling £200 the money of his employers, Greenleaf and Sons, boot retailers, of Fulham-road.

Escaped from a Home.—Following her escape from a home, to which she had been sent two days previously, Margaret Fear (20), a mortlake domestic servant, was remanded in custody at Kingston charged with having been found wandering at Coombe-road, Norbiton.

Newsvendor and Girl.—Sentence of six weeks' hard labour was passed at East Ham on Charles Thomas Childs (19), a newsvendor, of Harold-road, Upton Park, who pleaded guilty of improper behaviour towards a girl as she was leaving her work.

Spring Cleaning.—Landlady at Willesden. The woman upstairs has started her spring cleaning and so have I. Can I have a policeman come round and caution her not to empty her old rubbish on my head when I go out into the garden? The request was refused.

Grief and Theft.—It is only since I have lost my wife and children that I have been like this," said Christopher James (31), a motor driver, who after previous convictions for like offences was at Lambeth sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing a bicycle from outside a public house.

Alleged Motor-car Theft.—Refusing his address, George Page (30), a dealer, was at Bow-st. sent for trial, charged with stealing two motor-cars, valued at £550 and £250 respectively, belonging to Mr. C. L. Ward, of Brook-st., W., and Mr. R. G. Miller, motor agent, of Regent's-court, Hammersmith, N.W.

Mother's Sorry Plight.—"I only had three drinks," was the plea of Gwenoline Burnett (26), of Clarendon-st., Paddington, who at Marylebone was fined £50, or eleven days' imprisonment, for having been drunk while in charge of two children. Accused was seen staggering along with a baby in her arms, and a four-year-old child tottering at her side.

Tell It With a Poster.—A woman complained at Willesden that her landlady wanted to cover the end wall of her house with posters, and she objected. The landlady had now informed her that she only rented "the inside wall of the house and not the outside." Magistrate: "I think she is wrong. You refuse to allow her to use the wall for billposting, and see what happens."

Tracking Down Murderers.—When John Healey pleaded guilty at Thames to a charge of begging, he said that he had travelled all over the United States tracking down murderers, and that it was due to his efforts that Allaway, the Bourne-mouth murderer, was brought to justice. He had only recently arrived from Liverpool. Having been interviewed by the court missionary and promising to leave London accused was bound over.

Passing the Time.—Stating that he was a pensioner and went there to pass the time away, James Reed (70), of Roman-st., was fined £10 at East Ham for loitering for betting purposes on the sewer bank in High-st. The police alleged that prisoner received slips from four men—Accused denied the allegation, and called a man who said he gave Reed 1s. 2d. to buy two pints of beer, which they were going to drink on the allotments.



Mrs. Lily Charlotte Groom, one of the competitors in the London to Brighton perambulator walking race, feeding her baby. She was leading at Crawley.

SOLICITOR IN THE DOCK.

£3,860 INVOLVED IN FOUR FRAUD CHARGES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Rochester, Saturday.

George Robinson, solicitor, and formerly Clerk to Rochester City Justices, appeared at Rochester police court to-day on four charges of fraud.

The court was crowded when Robinson entered in charge of an inspector. He looked frail and worried, and seemed reluctant to go into the dock, where, as an official of the court, he had seen many hundreds of prisoners placed.

Asked his age, prisoner replied: "Sixty-five to-morrow."

The charges were that accused had converted to his own use four sums:



George Robinson in the dock.

£550, £400, £200, and £2,000, his clients' money.

Chief-constable Arnold gave evidence of arrest. He described how he met prisoner as he alighted from a tram-car. Witness said to prisoner: "I have had news for you," and after reading the warrant, arrested him.

On being remanded till next Friday, prisoner asked for bail, but looked round the court in vain for a surety.

The charges are a sequel to recent bankruptcy proceedings against the prisoner on the petition of money-lenders. His deficit was stated to be over £9,000.

SPECIAL PRAYERS RELIEVE PAIN

"Peculiar People" Resent Essex Coroner's Strictures.

Large numbers from all parts of Essex attended the funeral of Mrs. Wood, a member of the "Peculiar People," at Romford Church, and the service was entirely conducted by the elders of the church.

At the graveside Mr. Thorogood, a local leader, challenged the assertion of the coroner at the inquest that Mrs. Wood had been allowed to endure unnecessary suffering through not calling in a doctor. She was fully aware that she was going to die, and made some of the arrangements for her funeral.

At her request, he said, a special prayer meeting was held at her house, and as a result her pain was taken from her.

These remarks were received with approval by the large crowd.

MUSIC OF THE ANVIL.

Twenty-five barriers, including the champion of Hertfordshire, Mr. Meara, and several silver medalists, took part in the tenth annual shoeing competition under the auspices of the Master Farriers' Association and the National League of Defence League held at King's Cross, London, yesterday. Competitors had to fix two shoes of their own making on a horse in fifty minutes—ample time—the quality of the work being the chief factor.

POSTMISTRESS IN DOCK.

Annie Lloyd Jones, a postmistress, was yesterday, at Swansea, remanded in custody for a week, on a charge of the embezzlement and theft of £100, the property of the Postmaster-General.

Mr. Bourne, prosecuting, opposed bail, stating that this particular charge was one of many, and the total deficiency would probably approach £1,200.

DEATH LEAP FROM HOTEL.

PUZZLING LETTERS. WHAT MADE THE WOMAN BROKEN-HEARTED?

"Suicide while of unsound mind" was the verdict at the adjourned inquest yesterday on Miss Elizabeth Reid, of Strathbungo, Glasgow, who came to London hurriedly and whose body was found in the basement of the Bonnington Hotel, Southampton-row, W.C., on March 23.

Miss Reid gave her name at the hotel as "Mrs. Rowan." Before her death she destroyed clues to her identity.

A guest at the hotel said that on the night of the tragedy he heard a crash of breaking glass, followed by a shud, and he and another man who had been disturbed came to the conclusion that someone had gone through a window.

Miss Margaret Aitken Reid, a sister, recalled, produced the letter Elizabeth wrote when leaving Glasgow for London. The letter began "Peg," which was not the usual way she wrote. She usually began "My dear Peg."

"In that letter," said the coroner, "she says, 'I am worried to death and heart broken, and have written to the office saying I am not returning, as I honestly cannot go on. I can do nothing right, I am not returning to-morrow. You will be much happier without me. Don't worry about me, I am not worth it, and you will soon forget. You will always be in my thoughts. Meanwhile, good-bye. You will never know what this has cost me.'—D.L."

Witness said that since the last hearing she had been unable to find anything further that would throw light upon the tragedy.

A police officer said that only 5d. was found on the dead woman.

SECRETIVE NATURE.

Miss Reid said her sister could have assisted successfully to her for money. The coroner: She says she could do nothing right. What did she mean?

—have no idea.

Was she a person to think much over troubles?—Yes, very much so. Was she a person to keep things to herself?—Yes, very much so.

Witness said a sister died in 1913 as the result of a fall. Elizabeth did not talk about her very much though she was very attached to the dead girl.

William Connell, a clerk at Glasgow, said he was not engaged to Miss Elizabeth Reid, but they were "extremely friendly." He saw her on March 19, when she was slightly upset. She talked about it being her mother's birthday. Her mother had been dead some years. She also said that her sister's anniversary was coming on.

Witness added that Miss Reid had never threatened to take her life. He received a letter from her on March 19 in which she addressed him by his name without any prefix. That was unusual for her.

Witness handed the coroner the letter, and the coroner remarked that one of the sentences was: "Do what you can for Peg. Broken-hearted Daisy."

WOUNDING CHARGE.

WOMAN REMANDED IN CUSTODY.

There was a sequel at Bow-st. police court yesterday to a night scene on the Victoria Embankment when Florence Sullivan, aged 41, of Holyoake-road, Kennington, was remanded in custody on a charge of wounding, with intent to murder, Amelia Southwood, aged 27, of King's Cross.

The alleged offence was said to have been committed while a queue were waiting to board an L.C.C. tramcar.

Det.-Sgt. Aldridge said that when arrested on Friday evening, five days after the incident, Sullivan said: "I did not use any instrument. I had a fight with a woman." Accused then made and signed a statement.

Later, continued witness, Sullivan was identified among ten other women by four persons. She made no answer when charged.

BROADCAST PLAYS.

Theatrical Leaders' Views to be Taken.

Although no decision has yet been reached by the theatrical organisations regarding their attitude towards the wireless broadcasting of excerpts from plays, a resolution has been drafted declaring that broadcasting from theatres is regarded as gravely prejudicial to the interests of the profession, and suggesting that facilities for such broadcasting should be refused.

This resolution is being circulated to all organisations connected with the entertainment business for opinions, which will be referred to a meeting to be called by the Society of West End Theatre Managers at an early date.

MOTORIST'S LUCKY ESCAPE.

A motorist was fined £5 and costs at Abingdon (Denbighshire) yesterday for not having efficient brakes. It was stated that his car raced down a hill, collided with a farm cart, mounted a hedge and overturned. No one was hurt.

"MOTHERHOOD AS A TRADE."

What an Allowance of 20/- a Child Might Mean.

Middlesex justices yesterday adopted a resolution, moved by Sir Montagu Sharpe, K.C., against an increase in the amount liable to be paid by a putative father.

Sir Montagu said they knew a class of women who, if the figure proposed—20/- were agreed to, would treat motherhood as a trade.

WIRELESS FOR TRAVELLERS.

An interesting experiment to travellers on the Brighton line was made in the Booking Hall at Victoria Station. Two huge "loud speakers" were fixed high up in the roof and news of the arriving and departing trains was broadcasted for the benefit of travellers and their friends. Railway officials were present to test the device, and no doubt if it is a success the company will take up the invention.

It would be very useful to people who go to large termini to meet their friends, for often much confusion is caused by trains arriving at different platforms than usual.

KEPT HIS HEAD.

BURGLAR MISTAKEN FOR THE DOG.

The following amusing story of a burglar who "kept his head" in more senses than one comes from our Staff field correspondent.

Disturbed by suspicious noises a married man, who lives in the Green-side district, put his hand out of bed and touched the burglar's head, thinking it was that of his dog which had the run of the house and sometimes visited his bedroom, he paid no attention to it.

The man proceeded to investigate other bedrooms, but finding everything apparently in order returned to bed.

Next morning it was discovered that the midnight intruder had locked the dog in the kitchen while he was hauling the property and had evidently made a quiet exit from the bedroom during the husband's temporary absence.

NOTED ADMIRAL DEAD.

Rear-Admiral Harry Shepard Knapp (67) died at Hartford, Connecticut, cables the Central News. He was in command of the U.S. naval forces in European waters in 1919-20 and attended the Peace Conference in Paris.

FATEFUL YEARS FOR WOMEN.

How They Should Be Met.

THE most fateful years in a woman's life are those between forty and fifty. Many women enter this period with depressing conditions, through overwork, worry or bloodlessness, and they suffer heavily.

Among the commonest symptoms are headaches, feverish flushes, palpitations, dizziness, backache, depression, and other well-recognized disturbances of the system which signalize that the blood requires attention. Women stand in need of more red blood all their lives, but never more so than at middle-life, when the nerves also are weak and overworked.

Now, every suffering woman can prove the prompt help afforded to her nature by renewing the blood. It is a fact that any illness can make by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills, for these pills make rich, red blood, which in turn creates appetite, increases tone and strength, and restores full robust health.

Thousands of women have found in Dr. Williams' pink pills the means by which new health and a brighter outlook of life were gained.

Of special interest to women is the booklet, "Nature's Warnings"; a copy will be sent free to all who write to Dr. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1. But avail yourself to-day of the health help that Dr. Williams' pink pills give you. Of chemists, or from the address, 36, Old box, post free.—[A]

POSITIVELY REJUVENATES.

The New Scientific Treatment.

NERVE STIMULATION

Makes you look and feel years younger by restoring your vitality and absolutely conditioning all functions of the brain, heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, and nerves. It is a complete cure for all nervous and physical ailments. It is a complete cure for all nervous and physical ailments. It is a complete cure for all nervous and physical ailments.

Van der Ploeg, 111, St. George's Road, London, E.C.1.

A GUARANTEED CURE.

'GRASSHOPPER' OINTMENT

Proves such remarkable curative powers that it never fails to cure all cases—however long standing—of Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, Eczema, Piles, Burns, Scalds, Ulcers, etc. "Grasshopper" ointment is the best of the world, brings the disease to the surface and heals from underneath.

10 HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE KEPT READY TO USE. It is a complete cure for all nervous and physical ailments. It is a complete cure for all nervous and physical ailments. It is a complete cure for all nervous and physical ailments.

ALBERT & CO., 28, North Rd., Holloway, London.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This phenomenal offer is made in the form of a competition. The prize is a rug of any size and value. The prize is a rug of any size and value. The prize is a rug of any size and value.

REAL SEAMLESS WOOL CARPETS. Guaranteed genuine. Guaranteed genuine. Guaranteed genuine.

Carpet of any size and value. Carpet of any size and value. Carpet of any size and value.

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

14/6

LAST 7 DAYS!
LAST 7 DAYS!
LAST 7 DAYS!
LAST 7 DAYS!

"ONE EXCITING NIGHT."

MUST POSITIVELY close next
Saturday evening, April 14—and
will never again be seen in London
presented as at the

NEW OXFORD THEATRE

TONIGHT at 7.30.

Daily at 2.30 and 8.30.

"D. W. GRIFFITH'S
TRIUMPH."

The People.

OFFICE: 10, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.2.
TELEGRAMS: "THE PEOPLE," LONDON.
TELEPHONE: 2,000.

THE BUDGET—

We are all discussing the disposal of a Budget surplus which does not exist. The 105 millions have already been disposed of under statute for the reduction of debt. What we are now concerned with is a coming financial year. It is the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to estimate whether with existing taxes he may reckon on a similar surplus and give relief in taxation to the amount of the excess.

If Mr. Baldwin were simply to consult popular feeling he would, without hesitation, reduce the beer and sugar duties and take a shilling or sixpence off the income tax. With regard to beer, the brewers have been doing well, and should contribute towards the reduction in price. In the case of sugar it will be more difficult to pass on the benefit to consumers. The last reduction in the tea duty, for instance, was intercepted by the trade.

Mr. Baldwin has to estimate the yield from all sources of taxation and also to estimate what further economies can be effected in expenditure. He has been overwhelmed with suggestions for a reduction of taxes from all quarters, but the three we have mentioned seem to be the most urgent, and certainly the most popular.

AND HOUSING.

If the Government were to consider solely their own security—or, perhaps, as Mr. Bonar Law would say, tranquillity—they would adopt an opportunist policy with regard to housing, which could be justified as an urgent emergency measure, and devote a large part of the surplus revenue to providing cheap housing accommodation. Mr. Neville Chamberlain says frankly that he is laying the foundation of a national policy and planning for the future. It will take many years before his great scheme can be realised to the full. Already he is threatened with criticisms: first, because he proposes to confine the subsidy to non-parlour houses, and if he were to offer assistance to any large extent to the parlour type of house he would be equally condemned for favouring the middle classes.

The building of cheap houses has ceased to be a commercial enterprise. It is a social rather than an economic question. Hence, Sir L. Worthington-Evans suggests to the Government that they should make a short cut to success by allocating a very large part of the Budget surplus to subsidising the housing policy. By this means greater assistance could be given to working men to acquire their own houses, private enterprise would be encouraged, and an attack made on the slums. In fact, Sir Worthington-Evans's plan would advance housing reform by many years, and the Government, while reaping popularity, could point to the benefits conferred on the masses by lower rents and improved social conditions. Mr. Bonar Law is not likely to adopt an opportunist policy unless he can justify it in the national interest.

THE DISCONTENT ON THE FARM.

By **SIR HERBERT HATTHEWS**
(The Central Chamber of Agriculture).

THE present situation is equally grave for the farmer and for the farm labourer.

Under present conditions I see no solution to the problem.

The farmers cannot afford to pay a wage that will enable their workers to live like decent citizens, and the workers cannot exist on the money they are now drawing.

Yet if wages were proportioned on a strictly economic basis, to allow the farmer to balance his accounts without making any profit at all, they would be appreciably less.

What, then, is to be done? Are the farmers to continue struggling to keep their heads above water in the hope that something may turn up—what they cannot say.

Obviously, the solution is not to be found in a subsidy which will tend to turn one section of the community against the other by inviting the taxpayer to support farming without helping the farmer to run his business on paying lines. One must repair the hole in the bucket before pouring in more water.

Encourage farmers to produce more meat, wool and cereals and persuade the townsman that he must support his country brother and not attempt to make a living off his back.

The British farmer is a much misunderstood individual, and in many cases does not get a fair market for his produce. Of late he has merely been living from hand to mouth, producing enough to keep himself, perhaps, and making a small profit on his milk.

Until England realises that agriculture is a vital part of its existence, there is no hope for the farmer. I am afraid many people look on farming as merely a hobby indulged in by folk who have nothing better to do. England is not a purely industrial nation, it is an agricultural one.

It is an interesting point that for every farm that falls vacant there are many applicants; some of them farmers, the greater part of them townsmen who have made money and are obsessed with the "back to the land" idea.

The farm labourer himself is in an exceedingly parlous situation, working in an industry that is not self-supporting in the main.

Yet he has to buy food and clothes at the same price as his fellow workers in other jobs. Years ago although his wages were small he was far better off as he lived practically in the farm itself and was provided with food by his master.

Now he finds himself in a false position, and I fear the present strike will do nothing save draw public attention to a state of affairs that is both unfortunate and disgraceful in a civilised country.

The farmers would pay larger wages if their business permitted them to do so, and when this is brought about agriculture will be in its rightful position as the premier national occupation.

(In an interview.)

RANDOM RHYMES.

The interest in Lenin's health continues unabated. Once more, I see, his death has been somewhat exaggerated. He's quite determined not to die, and for when he does, old Beelzebub is pretty sure to claim him. And Trotsky too, is very ill, that mild and gentle Trotsky. Who never fails to let his hated rivals know what's what; And Chicherin is "indisposed"—I'm quite concerned about them. If they should die how will the Russians get along without them?

His proper name is Mickey, he's the Father of the Zoo. He holds the old-age record, and he knows a thing or two. Though "weedy" in his babyhood, he yet has lived to see A longer spell of life than any other chimpanzee. They used to think he'd "snuff it," but he falsified their fears. On Friday last he'd lived exactly five and twenty years; A quarter of a century! I think you'll all agree That's not so very dusty for a "weedy" chimpanzee.

A man was charged at Tottenham, and to the "Beak" he said: "He'd had a little drop of drink and so he lost his head." A woman, too, was charged, and she at once made answer meet: That she had had a drop of drink and so she lost her feet. This teaches us to drink in moderation, for it seems That drinking really can't be good which goes to such extremes.

AN ANCIENT GAME.

A game two thousand years old is now fascinating all social London. It dates back to Confucius, and centuries ago was only played by the Royal family of China and the mandarins. Any one below this rank was not allowed, under extreme penalty, to play the game, even though they had discovered the rules, which were honoured through generations of aristocratic Chinamen.

When the country became a republic a few years ago the secret of the game naturally leaked out. Coolies, as well as Paris and Mayfair, are now enthusiastic about the lure of the little coloured pieces of ivory and bamboo. A May-Fong (for so the game is called) tournament is to be held in aid of the country home for poor children in which Mr. Benjamin Guinness is interested. At 11, Carlton House-terrace, at the end of the month.

TALK of the PEOPLE

By "WIDEAWAKE."

The Prince and Trade.

The Prince of Wales is expected to make another important speech on trade and commerce at the annual dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at the Hotel Metropole on April 18. He will have an exceptionally representative audience, since the Local Chambers of Commerce throughout the country are, in many cases, inviting their members of Parliament, who will then be in session and can get away easily.

It is likely that the Prince will deal with trade promotion and unemployment, the more so as he has been recently making himself very familiar with all aspects of the latter problem.

The Prime Minister's Holiday.

The Prime Minister, whose health has been completely restored by his brief stay at Torquay, where he enjoyed excellent weather, returned to London yesterday afternoon. The House of Commons meets on Monday. The Prime Minister's first special duty will be to consider the problem of the Budget with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Budget will be introduced on April 16.

Mr. Bonar Law has had a quiet time in Devonshire. He has taken a good deal of open-air exercise, has played golf, attended, of course, a urgent business, and spent a couple of hours with the French statesman, M. Loucheur.

Lord Curzon in France.

Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, is staying at Tours in the centre of France, celebrated for its historic castles, undergoing treatment for phlebitis (inflammation of the veins) by a local specialist in whom he has great confidence. Lord Curzon will remain under treatment for another two weeks. He is in constant communication with the Foreign Office.

Northcliffe's Message to his Wife.

The statements which have appeared in the Press regarding the marriage of Lady Northcliffe, widow of Lord Northcliffe, who died eight months ago, to Sir Robert Hudson, are not quite accurate. It is stated, for instance, that Lady Northcliffe loses a considerable part of her income on remittance. That is not the case. The conditions in Lord Northcliffe's will, made in 1919, involved a loss on remittance, but the final settlement was a compromise between that will and one which Lord Northcliffe made on his death-bed. He also wrote a letter to her expressing the hope that she would remarry soon, and expressing the wish that Sir Robert Hudson would be her next husband.

The Northcliffes and Sir Robert.

For several years Sir Robert Hudson was the close friend of both Lord and Lady Northcliffe. He accompanied Lord Northcliffe to Switzerland and the South of France on the occasion of his last illness. A close friendship sprang

up between the three during the war, when Sir Robert Hudson was head of the Red Cross Society, to which Lady Northcliffe devoted herself, and with her husband gave generous support. Sir Robert Hudson has been the organiser of the Liberal Party for 27 years and only retired last year.

Is a New Role.

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, whose recent marriage to Mr. Cecil Ramage was the romantic outcome of a visit to Oxford, where she played Cleopatra to her husband's Antony in an O.U.D.S. production, has given us many vivid studies of modern stage characters. These, too, are days when the managers deplore the "lack of talent in the younger generation," but, as if to spite them, Miss Nesbitt has now marked a new phase in her career by entering Shavian drama.

In her performance in "The Doctor's Dilemma," at the Everyman Theatre, she follows Lillah McCarthy in the role of Mrs. Dubidat, and gives a more emotional and human interpretation than that of the original.

Latest Film Problem.

A new problem is invading the theatrical world, which already has enough troubles of its own, and a conference will shortly be called to consider the question. It is the disastrous effect on current plays of what one may call simultaneous filming. In the old days a play, if successful, used to wander round the country for five years or so, whereas now, if it has been filmed, one visit is quite enough to kill all its chances of subsequent vitality.

The greatest London successes are finding a very short life in the provinces, when once they have been filmed, to the detriment of authors, producers and actors. Hitherto, an author selling the film rights has thought he was doing good business; it is now dawning on most of them that they are cutting their own throats. Hence the conference.

The De Valera.

The Free State Government will never bring peace to Ireland until it deposes de Valera from his alleged Republican Presidency and treats him as a rebel. It has been said by a wit that there have been three eras in Irish history:

The pagan era;
The Christian era, and
The de Valera.

The London Club.

The London Club—opened a few days ago in King-st., Baker-st., is the biggest institution of its kind in the world—providing all the amenities of a first-class club at popular prices. It will be a boon to assistants in drapery stores and other establishments. The London club caters for the middle classes and is capable of accommodating more than 10,000 members. The catering is under the direction of the famous "Gustave," formerly of the Savoy.

Phillip to Industry—Lady Northcliffe's Romance—The Premier Better.

A Scot's Idea.

The originator of the club was a Glasgow Scotsman, Mr. T. C. Gordon—a quiet-mannered young man who did his bit in the war and has had experience in catering. His associate in the management is another Scotsman, Mr. J. B. Mackay. Most of the capital of £35,000 spent on the club has come from Glasgow, and the chairman of the board is Basil Wilson, of that city.

Mr. Wilson visited every big city in Europe, but could find no institution combining a club, a dancing palace and restaurants comparable to the London. Mr. Gordon Selfridge is taking a keen interest in the experiment, as he recognises the advantages offered by the club as a centre for social entertainment.

A Romance of Seven Dials.

These Glasgow Scots are shrewd business men. One of the directors of this new club started his London friends in 1912 by announcing his intention of building a hotel in Seven Dials—a place which had a history from the days of Dickens associated with slums and crime. The Seven Dials has lost its old reputation and its unsavoury environment. The Glasgow man and his colleagues built the Shaftesbury Hotel—run on popular lines—which was an immediate success. The Scotsman sold the hotel to a company, receiving £5 for each of their £1 shares.

Indian High Commissioner.

Another example of the changing conditions in India is the appointment of Mr. Dadilal Mervanjee Dalal as High Commissioner in London. He arrives in a few days' time to take up his position. Thus the process of Indianising the Civil Service and official life in India continues.

An Intrepid Traveller.

Lady Richmond Brown, who has had such thrilling experiences in Central America, where she accompanied Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges on a two years' voyage of exploration, is the wife of Sir Melville Richmond Brown, Bart. Sir Melville was the founder of the famous mercantile firm of Brown, Shipley and Company. Lady Brown's intrepid journeys place her in the forefront of these plucky women.

Lady Rivals.

An interesting debate is to take place at the Labour Institute, Ford-rd., Bermondsey, on Thursday evening, between Councillor Miss Jessie Stephens (I.L.P.) and Mrs. Gladys Skelton, B.A. (Central Council for Economic Information). The subject for discussion is that "Socialism is the Only Cure for Industrial Unrest." As both ladies are capable speakers the combat should prove exciting.

"Dagonet's" Library.

The library of the late Geo. E. Sims is to be offered for sale on Thursday next by Hodgsons in Chancery-lane. "Dagonet" was not a collector but his library contains many presentation volumes, letters from eminent authors and a valuable assortment of books on criminology. Mr. Sims was a keen student of crime and specialised in mysteries of all kinds.

Criminal Relics.

In addition to "Dagonet's" books there will be sold his collection of criminal relics—things which should be in Madame Tussaud's or at Scotland Yard. There are belongings of a lot of notorious murderers, portraits of them with their signatures, chairs and baskets which they used, and other relics associated with crime, such as a bit of the hearthstone under which Deeming, the Rainhill murderer, buried his victims, and a fragment of the beam from which prisoners were hanged in old Newgate Prison.

Rush to Join the Army.

"Tommy Atkins" was not up to date in his Army Notes last week. Since he wrote and since Colonel Guinness spoke in the House of Commons complaining of a shortage of men, the War Office spent £1,000 in advertising and received 20,000 applications—chiefly from ex-soldiers. The height has been raised and the chest measurement increased, but still they come, and if Parliament had voted for an increase of 100,000 instead of only 10,000, the men would have been found promptly.

The annual number of recruits who joined the Army in pre-war days averaged 20,000. For the 12 months ending last week the number recruited was 20,000. Only in one branch is there any shortage and that for the mechanics in connection with tanks, motor cars, etc. There is a shortage of 2,000 mechanic technicians just now. While the pay is not so good as for civil work there is more security.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Lounge.

THE approaching opening of the Royal Academy and the numerous smaller exhibitions of painting and sculpture with which we have been favoured of late have caused me to reflect on the subject of Art. Frankly I am dissatisfied. I am tired of seeing a portrait of His Worship the Mayor of Little Podbury in his official and chain of office; or of the "Daughters of Lord Bungleholme," famous brewer; or even of a family general or an eminent lawyer. It is not so much the subjects that annoy me as their presentation. Victims are represented sitting stiffly, standing about in stiff attitudes, obviously posed for the occasion. We cannot have a new style of "artistic" portrait-painting, in which the subject is shown engaged in some pleasant occupation? Here are a few suggestions to which Orpen, Sargent and their brethren are welcome:

The late Mr. Keating.—In a room mixing his famous powder. In the ground floor holding burial services for one of their number who has just died too near.

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson (author of "If Winter Comes").—Choosing a summer underwear.

The Speaker of the House of Commons.—Speaking.

Lord Leverhulme.—Putting the light in soap.

The Rt. Hon. the Postmaster-General.—Stamping on a deputation who have asked for cheaper postal rates.

By the by, I hear that a well-known artist is at work on a canvas, to be entitled Sleep, showing a night operator at a board in a telephone exchange. This is to be followed by a companion picture, showing a glimpse of Oxford Circus Tube station at six o'clock in the evening.

Being of a gentle nature and refined habits (in other words, being hard up) I spent my Easter within a tiny house where one dreams away the hours in the sea amid the leisurely activities of a rude, but kindly fisherfolk. There I met an elderly man, an intelligent, one whose profound learning went, as is so often the case, hand in hand with a child-like simplicity. He was in a wheeled chair and told me a pleasant (plain) lunch given him by his wife. I asked him how he liked it, and he seemed grateful for my sympathy, and presently he told me a story, which I give as nearly as possible in his own words:

It was not (he said) until the bus was nearing the West-end that I realised I had come out without a handkerchief. I do not go into town very often, and when I do so my wife usually insists on me to see that I have forgotten nothing. I was not even aware that I had a handkerchief until I chanced to put my hand into the pocket in which I usually keep it. For a time I fought against increasing desire to blow my nose, but we began to pass shops in which handkerchiefs were exposed to view the gesture became irresistible. I descended the steps and asked the conductor to the bus.

"But you got another free pennyworth," he protested.

I explained the position and was much touched by his genuine sympathy.

"We don't carry no spare parts, except that line, gov'ner," he said. "Now, I'm a bloomin' polisher" sag. At least, I don't see we got one."

He stooped towards a little box behind the steps, but I hurriedly explained that I was compelled to use a handkerchief of a certain shade of green, owing to defective eyesight.

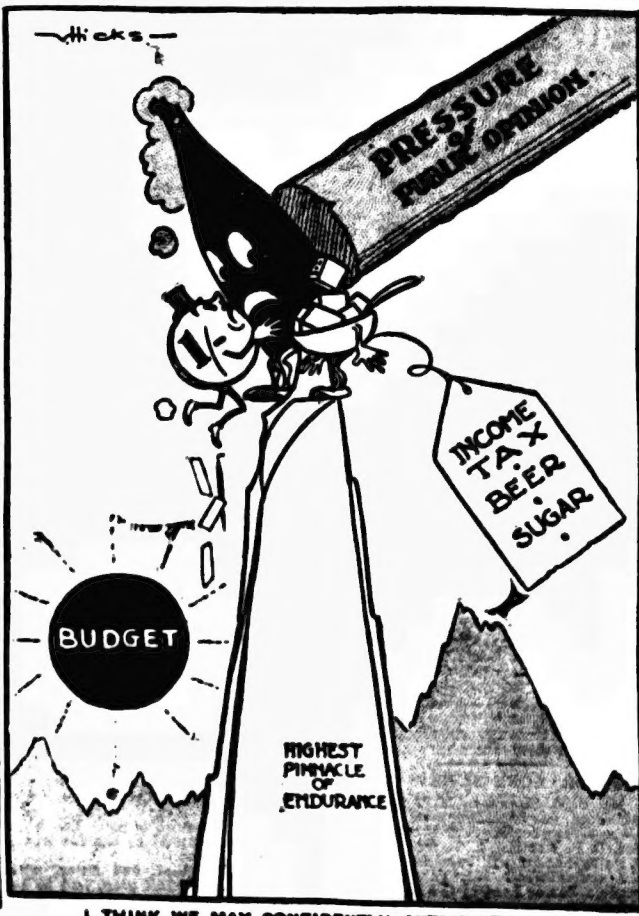
"You go to Harbridge's," he said, and I alighted. "They got a sale on there. First turning to your left."

Harbridge's proved to be a vast block of buildings with enormous windows, out of a surprisingly wide variety of goods. Entering with some diffidence, I was served by a helpful man in a frock-coat. "Handkerchiefs, sir?" he cried cheerfully. "This way, if you please," and he handed me over to an obliging salesman. "Any particular kind, sir?" asked the latter, opening some boxes, and in a moment the counter was covered with a variety. I would have contented myself with the single handkerchief I needed, had it not been for the salesman, who very honestly drew my attention to the fact that by purchasing not less than twelve I could obtain a reduction of one shilling in the pound. This, it appeared, was because they had a "sale" on.

The director, he explained, had, in the public interest, resolved to sell off their stock at an enormous reduction, so that by restocking with new goods they might assist the manufacturers and reduce unemployment. Heartily applauding this patriotic policy, I regretted that my wife was not there to be an advocate of it. The man, however, obtained the services of a superior official who put himself at my service, and I resolved to do my best. At first, as we went from floor to floor, I contented myself with occasional purchase of such articles as bedsocks, two umbrellas, a collection of books, and so forth, acting on strictly business principles. I confess, however, that I gradually became aware of a peculiar feeling of exaltation, a sort of glow of acquisition. Casting prudence to the winds, I purchased among other things a vacuum cleaner, a grand piano, and a set of parlor bowls.

By this time my guide had been relieved by a younger man, but I was standing the strain well. Ensnared by a glass of milk, I added to my list a scooter, a gramophone and some conjuring tricks; a miniature billiard table and two dozen strong dusters with blue borders, hammed. From this point my recollection is not clear. I remember fragments of conversation: "Jones is doing well, Williams is taking his place, a poor gentleman's, clean off it, wonder how he got away, a better telephone, open his collar, is that the ambulance?"

I recovered consciousness at home and then they brought me here. . . . The good old man threw his head at a scurry and fell asleep, and I slept gently, too.



I THINK WE MAY CONFIDENTLY ANTICIPATE A DROP.

MYSTERY OF THE HEADLESS WOMAN.

STILL NO SOLUTION, IN SPITE OF RUMOUR'S EVIL TONGUE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, Saturday.—One of the most baffling mysteries with which the French police have ever been faced has disturbed the ancient little town of Caen, and divided its inhabitants into two camps.

It is the "Mystery of the Headless Woman," and this usually tranquil Norman city, with its grey walls, its university, students and professors, its pompous legal dignitaries (for it is a legal training centre), and its placid provincial life has now become a nest of suspicions, of rumours, of terrible accusations.

The first scenes in this drama were unfolded last year. In September a railway worker named Romain took a short cut across a copse to gain the station of Mout Argences, in the district of Caen. As he made his way through the undergrowth in the twilight he was startled to see in front of him the body of a woman. The body was decomposed; there was not a vestige of clothing; and to his horror he saw that the head of this woman was missing.

Whoever had done her to death had taken the utmost precaution to ensure that when the body was found in this lonely place there should be no means of establishing her identity.

The first task of the police was to try to establish her identity. Parents in the district whose daughters had left home were called in to view the body, but none could give any clue. She corresponded to none of the women notified by the Paris police as being missing, nor to any on the lists forwarded by the authorities of the towns like Marseilles and Lyons. She was evidently a woman of between 30 and 35 years of age, blonde, rather stout. Her hands were manicured; her nails were tapered in the latest fashion and painted, and the fingers bore the marks of many rings.

MYSTERIOUS SIGNALS.

The head had been seen from the neck, a long operation that could not have taken place on the spot, and at once it was obvious to the detectives that the body had been taken to the wood after the crime.

And then people began to remember incidents to which at the time they had paid little heed. Another railway worker named Fern recalled that in the previous May he had seen a woman get out of the train which arrived at the station in the evening from Caen. She was accompanied by a pale-looking man. Although he was of insignificant physical development, the woman, strong and healthy, appeared to be in the greatest fear of him. He saw them disappear in the wood, and they never re-appeared to take the return train that night for Caen.

But more startling is the story told by a gentleman farmer of the district, by name Vervisch.

One night last May he was driving to Mout Argences on a visit to his brother. As he approached the little wood where the body has since been found, he saw, standing in the road before it, a big motor-car. Suddenly the lights of the car were extinguished, and behind him, from the distance, M. Vervisch heard the engines of a high-power car. A klaxon sounded three times.

The lamps of the first car were again alight, and somebody was signalling with them—signals that were replied to by the other car, whose lights were now visible lower down the road.

The farmer whipped up his horse to a trot, and as he passed the car he noticed that it contained a bulky parcel. He also marked that as he passed the lights of the car were

again extinguished, and it was only by the flickering oil-lamp of his trap that he could see into the car. The occupants of the car had apparently concealed themselves in the fringe of the wood.

It is significant that the doctors say that, judging by the state of the body, the woman was murdered last May. The police worked hard, but they had no tangible clue to work up. The public had begun to regard the mystery as one that would never be solved.

Two months ago, however, tongues began to wag. Rumours flashed about, connecting with the crime the names of three of the leading tradesmen of Caen and a farmer of a neighbouring village. Nothing definite could be said against them except that on a night in May—the night when M. Vervisch had seen the mysterious signalling—one of them returned with his car to the garage at Caen and immediately began to wash it and clean it.

Washing away the bloodstains," said the scandal-mongers; and talk flew about to the effect that the woman had been killed in an unspeakable orgy, her body had been conveyed in a motor-car to the copse, while the head, sawn off with a wood-saw, had been buried in a manure heap on the farm of the fourth member of the party, where the clothes were also burnt.

STARTLING CLIMAX.

Public opinion was against the tradespeople; they were boycotted by some and public feeling simmered into bitterness.

Then one night this week came the climax. The tradespeople and acquaintances were drinking in a café. They drank steadily, then jovially, and then angrily. There were high words, there was the glitter of a revolver, blows. And those who were in the café when the drunken brawl occurred say that one of the men confessed to a share in the crime, that others made terrible accusations and there was a sinister whisper of blackmail.

The police the same night got to work again. They have questioned people, but they receive in reply only unflinching denials. They have searched the farm where the head according to popular rumour was buried, and they have found nothing. There is no evidence, they say, that would be sufficient to convict any man or woman, and a woman has been mentioned as an accomplice.

The mystery of the Headless Woman remains as before a complete mystery. Who is she, who killed her, and why? No one but the criminals themselves can say.

"WILLIE" MORGAN.

WOMEN CHEER HIM ON HIS DISCHARGE.

Charged with the murder of his mother by the administration of arsenic, William Melvin Anthony Morgan (23) was discharged by the magistrates at Newport (Mon).

There was loud applause in court when the decision was announced. Women waved their handkerchiefs and shouted, "Cheer up, Billy."

William Morgan remains in custody, however, for trial on the coroner's warrant. Mr. Dauncy, for Morgan, in addressing the magistrates, said there had never been a case in that court or in any other where a charge of murder had been preferred upon such flimsy evidence.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Percy Chambers (13), son of a miner of Lenton, Nottingham, was found yesterday hanging from a book attached to the ceiling of a room in his house. The curtain had been drawn across the window.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Mr. John William Gieve, of the firm of W. Gieve, Ltd., the Naval outfitters, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, died at Portsmouth yesterday aged 67. He was a J.P. and a prominent Freemason.

Boy Grant's Funeral.—Although only 13 years of age, Leonard Grant, who was killed yesterday at Chertsey, Surrey, was buried in height.

Sanitary Institute Congress.—The 14th Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute will be held at Hull, from July 30 to August 4.

The Governors of Stowe School have received £1,000 each from Sir Heathcote and Sir Otto Beit, gifts to the endowment fund.

No "Unseemly Ways."—Satisfaction was expressed at Leighton Buzzard Easter festival that the income for the year had been raised "without resorting to unseemly ways, such as whisky or other obnoxious methods."

Better Trade Prospects.—There is every prospect of increased activity in the South Wales iron and steel trades, and it is stated that further balm furnaces are to be put into operation. If the difficulty of coke supply can be met the output of the group will be largely increased.

Extinct Titling.—In the remote country churchyard of Llangatock Vinton Ave, near Monmouth, the funeral of Lady Llangatock was attended yesterday by people of all classes. The mourners included the only daughter, Lady Shelley, and Sir John Shelley. The title is now extinct.

Cancer Victim's Last Message.—"I can't stand the agony. It gets worse every hour," ran a message written by Mary Hickman, of Hurst Hill, Staffs. She suffered from cancer and was found with a bullet wound in her mouth. At the inquest a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was returned.

Tale of Two Wives.—John Alfred White, newsagent, of Sandown, was re-manded by the Isle of Wight Bench yesterday on a charge of bigamy, carrying off his second wife, Miss Mary Morris, who said that when arrested White remarked, "It's true. Alice Frost is innocent. This wife knows nothing about it."

New China Clay Find.—A valuable deposit of china clay has been found on the estate of Lady Hain, near St. Ives, Cornwall. The preliminary work of clearing away the soil has been begun.

Hymn-book Cues.—While strolling near Corbiera, Jersey, a woman visitor found the body of a woman floating in the sea. A hymn-book was found on the body, which at present has not been identified.

900 Emigrants Depart.—The latest batch of emigrants to leave this country this year left yesterday from Liverpool on the Cunard liner Carnarvon. They numbered 900, including 60 engineers from Barrow-in-Furness.

Magistrate Pays Fine.—At Brighton yesterday, Sir John Blaker fined a woman for keeping a dog without a licence, but paid the penalty himself. The woman said she was without a penny, and the dog had had to be destroyed.

Licensing Compensation Levy.—The Licensing Committee have fixed the compensation levy for the Western Division of Kent at one-sixth of the maximum rate. There is to be no levy this year in East Kent.

Months for a Brute.—For brutally ill-treating a pit pony in Bentley Colliery, by knocking his eye out with part of a pick-prop, Robert Henry Haigh, bricklayer's labourer, was at Doncaster yesterday committed to prison for two months with hard labour without the option of a fine.

Captain Reprimanded.—Judgment was given yesterday in the Board of Trade inquiry into the stranding of the Newcastle steamer Spero off the Yorkshire coast. It is found that the captain, W. Pearson, was in default for not verifying his position and not using a lead. He is severely reprimanded and ordered to pay £25 costs.

Church Tower Removed.—The remaining portion of the famous Dunwich Church tower—all that remains of the ancient city of Dunwich—has been successfully taken down and removed to a place of safety for re-erection in the churchyard of the modern church of St. James, Southwold. This step has been taken to save the tower from the encroachment of the sea.



Silver Hue winning the Three-Year-Old Handicap at Alexandra Park from Gay Canopy and Crispina.

STATE AID FOR FARMERS.

CUT OF 25 PER CENT. IN RAILWAY RATES.

Wider credit facilities for farmers.

A reduction of 25 per cent on railway rates on farm produce.

Import duties on malting barley and hops.

Half rates on agricultural property and large State contribution to rural rates.

These are some of the main recommendations of the Tribunal which Mr. Bonar Law appointed to inquire into the condition of the agricultural industry soon after he became Premier.

The tribunal, over which Sir William J. Ashley presided, recommended an import duty of 10s. a quarter on malting barley; 20s. a cwt. on imported hops, and an export duty of 10 per cent on wheat offals.

No duty on imported wheat or flour is proposed, but it is recommended that importers of wheat should be required to send a percentage of wheat offals—25 per cent of offals to 75 per cent of wheat flour.

NO WHEAT SUBSIDY.

The tribunal say that they considered with some care the question whether any direct financial assistance to wheat-growing should be given by the State and decided to make no recommendation.

The tribunal also propose the encouragement of dairy co-operation and an import licence for potatoes, fresh milk and cream and dried milk imports, and suggest the formation of six ports boards to cover England and Wales and to be controlled by any Central Board.

The agricultural policy for the future, says the tribunal, should be: "Better farming, better business, and better living."

ANGLESEY POLLS.

1,000 MAJORITY FOR LIBERAL PREDICTED.

Fine crisp weather favoured the opening of the polling in the Anglesey by-election yesterday, and for the first time much interest was shown by the electors.

The three candidates—Mr. R. O. Roberts, Conservative, Sir R. J. Thomas, Liberal, and Mr. E. T. John, Labour—had an ample supply of motor-cars, and the poll is expected to be heavy.

The general impression is that Sir R. J. Thomas will win by something like a thousand majority, though the Conservative candidate is reported to have polled very well. At the last election he was beaten by the late member, Brig.-Gen. Sir Owen Thomas, by 1,862. The poll will be declared tomorrow.

FATHER AND HIS SON.

"I Am Frightened to Death of Him."

"I am frightened to death of him," said Hy. Wetherill, of Devonshire House, Bournemouth, when prosecuting his 21-year-old son, Francis, at Marylebone Court yesterday for assaulting him.

Giving evidence with great difficulty, Mr. Wetherill, who is maimed and very weak, said his son, although a good scholar, would not work, but he stayed out at night and lay in bed until the early hours of the afternoon.

On this occasion he got up at 2 o'clock, after dinner had been cleared away, and helped himself to some food, and when taken to task he struck witness a violent blow and knocked him down.

Asked why he did not turn the boy out, he said he had, but he removed the boy, and his mother assisted him, though she, too, was afraid of him. He had an unenviable temper and used most awful language. "I am afraid of being knocked about; my life is not worth living."

Asked, who said he lost his temper because his father berated him a bit of food, was remanded in custody with a view to being placed on probation.

FELL ON TO GAS RING.

Heart Seizure While Making a Listening-in Set.

It is thought that while making a wireless set for a friend, Mr. Sidney Ray, who was found dead in a room at the rear of his tobacconist shop in High-st., Chiswick, W. London, on Friday night, had a heart seizure which caused him to fall on to a gas ring and thus turn on the tap.

The room was full of gas and part of a wireless set was found on a chair close to which was a soldering iron. Ray, who was 34, was married only three weeks ago. He was known to have suffered with his heart.

CANADIAN CATTLE.

FIRST SHIPMENT TO ENGLAND FOR 31 YEARS.

Two consignments of Canadian store cattle, the first to arrive in this country since the removal of the embargo imposed 31 years ago, have been landed at Manchester and Glasgow.

More than 200 of the 425 beasts intended for Manchester were sold to English dealers before the vessel left the Canadian shores.

Dealers from all parts of England and Ireland crowded the foreign animals wharf of the Manchester Ship Canal when the boat arrived there, and the remainder were very quickly sold at from £22 to £35 per head.

Great efforts are being made to secure a big part of the trade for Manchester. Another consignment of over 400 head is now on its way across the Atlantic, and another consignment is due in the near future.

The first bullock to come off the boat at Glasgow caused a wild stampede in the course of which the Canadian Commissioner, the Hon. Duncan Marshall, was thrown on his face. Later the bullock was sold for £500 for the unemployed.

All the animals were in fine condition in spite of travelling 1,300 miles by land and about 3,000 by sea. The arrival of the cattle caused a big collapse in the price of cattle at Tyrone and Donegal fairs.

PENNY DINNERS.

WIFE PINCHED TO MAKE HER LOOK PLEASANT.

Granted a separation order at Southend yesterday, Mrs. Yanpolsky, a Jewess, said her husband, a Russian, whose Bolshevik attitude was even a source of trouble, used to pinch her to make her look pleasant as she sat up in bed.

Later she had had a pennyworth of butter beans for dinner, and had broken down through opening the door to policemen and broken.

Respondent denied everything. In a letter he wrote: "My wife is as cunning as a fox. She signs herself 'Your devoted wife,' but she loves me like a cat does a mouse."

WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

STABBED FORMER LOVER WHO HAD JUST MARRIED.

At Bath Quarter Sessions Mrs. Lucetta Betty Hatchard (37) was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the second division for maliciously wounding John S. S. Leat, a tram driver.

It was stated that there had been a liaison between Mrs. Hatchard and Leat, but the latter married only five days before the assault.

Evidence was given that Mrs. Hatchard followed Leat, and, after upbraiding him concerning his marriage, stabbed him with a knife in the back and on the cheek, also wounding him in the wrist, permanently impairing the use of the tendons of the wrist and three fingers.

Leat admitted authorship of affectionate letters in which he addressed prisoner as "My own darling Betty," and signed himself "Your ever loving."

POMROY EXECUTED.

Bernard Pomroy, the young Hemel Hempstead (Herts) shop assistant, who was convicted of the murder of his sweetheart, Alice May Cheshire, in a taxi-cab, was executed at Pentonville on Thursday morning.

Throughout his confinement Pomroy had maintained the stolid demeanour which characterised him at his trial. After receiving the ministrations of the chaplain he expressed his appreciation of his treatment by the prison officials.

Ellis was the executioner.

LONDON BREVITIES.

Discovered near Temple Station on the Embankment in a serious condition, George Mackenzie (25), of Boyon-st., Waltham, was removed to Charing Cross Hospital, where he died shortly after admission.

The annual dinner and dance in aid of the London Coffee and Baking Housekeepers' Benevolent Association will be given at the Holborn Restaurant on May 3.

"Wireless Tax" is Prebendary Curdle's topic this evening at the Monument Cinema Church.

"Stabat Mater" will be given with full orchestra to-day at 3.15 at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand. Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" will be given at 6.30 p.m.

TERRIBLE LURE OF LONDON.

TRAGIC FATE OF GIRL WHO SOUGHT GAIETY.

A tragic story was revealed at a Wandsworth inquest on Miss Gladys Hughes Jones (28), lately living in King's Cross-rd., W.C., who died in hospital at Balham from heart failure from cirrhosis of the liver, due to alcoholism.

Among the witnesses was a resident of Prestatyn, North Wales, who said Miss Jones, his only child, left home about 9 years ago, having a taste for gaiety and drink. He had been sending her money for the past three or four years, and she had practically ruined him.

The coroner said that this was a tragic case of a girl, who, not satisfied with the quiet humdrum life with her parents, left home and came to London to lead her own free life, with the usual result. She had been leading a life of degradation and drinking to excess. She had been living with a man and making money in some curious kind of way which they did not know of, and drinking it all away.

The man who had been living with her was very little better, if at all, than herself. Although a solicitor, he was sent to prison for obtaining money by false pretences, and since his release from jail he appeared to have done no work at all.

Meanwhile the girl had been drifting on and trying to get a living by selling flowers and drinking away all the money. Then, finally, owing to her self-neglect and the dreadful condition in which she got, she was told by her landlady, who seemed to be a very kind and considerate woman, to leave. Since March 18 Miss Jones had evidently been living rough, and a fortnight later she was found very ill in the street, and died a few hours later.

The case showed the awful results of the abuse of alcohol and of this restless desire of young women to get away from their homes to live alone in London.

AIR MINISTRY'S 'BABY.'

Successful Test Flight of Tiny Aeroplane.

The 5-7 h.p. baby aeroplane built for the Air Ministry at Preston made a successful test flight on the sands at Lytham yesterday, rising about 200 feet against a 20-mile wind. The "baby" travelled a mile and a half very sweetly, and attained a speed of 41 miles per hour without the engine being put at full power.

QUEER TRAITS OF RECLUSE.

EXPERIMENTS IN DEAD OF NIGHT.

A WOMAN-HATER.

STRANGE FATE.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Behind the discovery of the decomposed body of an elderly man in a tiny lock-up shop at Peckham is a story of disillusionment which turned an inventive genius into a misanthropic recluse. The shop consists of one room close to Queen's-rd. Station, and in it has lived and worked for the last year or two a man named George Stevens.

Recently, in consequence, it is said, of his rent being in arrears, a lock was placed on the door to prevent his entering, and it was not until inquiries were made by friends of the tenant that anyone suspected that harm might have befallen him.

When a forcible entry was made, however, the body of Stevens was found on the floor in a condition suggesting that he had been dead for some weeks.

Apart from a working-bench, there was no furniture in the room, for Stevens was in the habit of sleeping on the floor, and had neither a bed, table, nor even a chair.

On the bench lay a "diagram of suicide," several sealed letters, one of which was addressed to the coroner.

Amid a litter of books and papers there were jars believed to contain poisons. There were tubes, too, and every evidence that the man had been engaged in experimental research. The jars have been sent to the Home Office for analysis.

"DON'T TOUCH" LABELS.

Two bottles bore on their labels the words, "If you don't understand this, don't touch," and a third bottle had on it, "This one is all right."

Of a taciturn disposition Stevens had few friends, and did not encourage those who sought to win his confidence. He was particularly bitter in his reference to women.

On one occasion he declared that he had more admiration for a fish than a woman, because the former had the great virtue of fulfilling its destiny in silence.

Exactly how Stevens met with his death has not been definitely established, but he made no secret of the fact that he was tired of life, and last October his attempt to commit suicide by taking poison was only frustrated by prompt action on the part of the police.

He had a considerable library and appears to have been fond of works on Socialism.

SKILLED ENGINEER.

Experiments and inventions were the absorbing passions of his life. At all hours of the night a light shining dimly through the grimy windows of his comfortable abode indicated that he was poring over some scientific or mechanical problem.

A skilled engineer, he worked at Woolwich Arsenal during the war, but always cherished the idea of achieving success as an inventor.

Sensational disclosures are expected at the inquest to-morrow and remarkable letters will be read.

WOULD NOT WEAR MOURNING.

"Suicide while of unsound mind" was returned at a Croydon inquest yesterday on Mrs. Kate Hinton, of Cassland-rd., Thornton Heath, who was found dead with her head in a gas-oven.

It was stated that during the war her son was reported missing, and never heard of again. After the shock her mind became deranged, and she had refused to wear mourning.

Ready for all weathers

He has to walk over twenty miles a day, in all weathers, up hill and down dale. Yet he never feels a penny the worse for his hard day. Cold and rain have no terrors for him.

You see, he's a wise man. He keeps his reserves of strength up to the high-level mark. Morning and evening he takes a cup of Vi-Cocoa. It makes his mind active and alert, his body warm and glowing with health. So he gets on with his job, cheery and fit, with a cup of Vi-Cocoa before he starts, and another to welcome him home again.

PLANTERS PRODUCTS, LTD., DELFTLAND, WATFORD, ENGLAND. Vm 2/4

THE BIG HEART

BY JOHN G. BRANDON

A MODERN STORY OF LOVE & INTRIGUE

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

"All," answered Mr. Hammerden, "and once—here, I believe implicitly in seeing whom I'm dealing with. On the other hand, I believe in using agents myself who are not known."

Both his listeners agreed intently.

"Therefore I propose to use for his job a few men whose names I have here. Men that I think can be trusted. They don't know too much—and they are not known themselves. The first on my list—and on my pay sheet from to-day, by the way—is Major Gairbrath."

"The very man!" exclaimed the Honourable Bill. "A fine idea," seconded Mr. Courtenay enthusiastically.

"I'll supplement him with—here the big man referred again to his pocket-book, "Captain Robert Batters, Lieutenant James Anstruther Carrington, Captain Percival Bowles, Chevington, and Lieutenant Barnaby Ferriby."

"The boys!" shouted Mr. Blakeley ecstatically. "Holy gods—the boys! Of course I remember," said Patrick. "It's only three days ago we met, though it seems more like three years."

"Oh, what a bunch!" continued Mr. Blakeley. "What a little parcel for Mr. Blakeley. I'll give them to you. I'll leave them to Courtenay and yourself, went on the big man. "Find them what you like. I've an idea it's going to be a rough journey. One thing is imperative; they must not see or communicate with me—or openly with you. They must not be known in the affair at all. As things open out, give each man the job he's best suited for and let him get on with it. The Major will be at my office this morning. I'll give him his instructions on the phone."

CANCER.

GREAT SUCCESS OF POTASSIUM TREATMENT.

"CANCER, AND HOW TO AVOID IT."

(New Edition Just Published).

FREE to "The People" Readers.

A well-known London surgeon and recognized authority on Cancer has created wide-world interest in the discovery that "Cancer is due to a deficiency of potassium salts" in the body, which causes the cells to break down and become malignant.

"The Pall Mall Gazette" quotes:—

"...he is able in the most emphatic way to define cancer as a deficiency of potassium salts in the body, and to assert with proof in support of this discovery that it is the only way to cure cancer."

"...a cancer that could not be touched by a surgeon has been cured in about six weeks by the use of potassium salts."

In order that everyone may learn the real cause of cancer, a remarkable book has been recently written. This will be free of all charge to patients or anyone who is interested in the latest and most successful method of fighting "The Cancer Disease."

The following selection from the list of cures will give some idea of the thoroughness with which this little work has been prepared.

1. The Limitations of Surgery.
2. Some Cases of Cancer Operation.
3. What Cancer Is.
4. Why the Body Gets Sick.
5. The Body Gets Sick.
6. The Body Gets Sick.
7. The Body Gets Sick.
8. The Body Gets Sick.
9. The Body Gets Sick.
10. The Body Gets Sick.
11. The Body Gets Sick.
12. The Body Gets Sick.
13. The Body Gets Sick.
14. The Body Gets Sick.
15. The Body Gets Sick.
16. The Body Gets Sick.
17. The Body Gets Sick.
18. The Body Gets Sick.
19. The Body Gets Sick.
20. The Body Gets Sick.

Applicants for free book and case reports should be addressed to a postcard will do to the Secretary, The Cancer Cure, 70, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

CORKLINO

REDUCED PRICES

on the floors of every house.

CATESBYS Ltd., London, W.1.

From 25 to 30 BABY CARS

Direct from Factory.

Great value. Big selection. Even cash price or easy payment. Best in the market.

DRIST FULFILL SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 22), COVENTRY

BREW YOUR OWN BEER!

THE FIRST ALE ON STOUT

Can be brewed at home at pre-arranged price from the makers of Pure Malt and Best Hops. Full directions in booklet. Cost to brew 20 gallons, 21 shillings 10 pence. 5 gallons (Two Gallons), 5 shillings.

YARDE & CO. P. Dept., NORTHAMPTON.

By Dr. Marie Stopes.

MARRIED LOVE

A Book for the Married and those about to marry. 12th Edition, 6/- net (post 6d).

WISE PARENTHOOD

The Standard Handbook on Birth Control. 11th Edition 2/6 net (post 6d).

RADIANT MOTHERHOOD

The Book of Help for Expectant Parents. 2nd Edition 6/- net (post 6d).

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS 24, Bedford St., LONDON, W.C.1.

Mr. Blakeley rose. "I'll make a move back for Town," he announced, "and see to things. I'll come down and report as it's necessary. I must run down into Wiltshire and give Desmond the office quietly."

"Yes, yes," agreed Mr. Hammerden anxiously. "Thank God there's a good man there! We can't tell what they'll set up to towards your sister."

"You can stand on old Brian Desmond," assured Patrick Courtenay grimly. "Once they start him he'll go on till the cows come home. I'll come up to Town to-night for an hour or two—meet you at eight o'clock."

"Where?"

"Haymarket Buffet, for a change. We're not likely to be spotted there by those we don't want."

"Good."

The telephone bell rang violently from Mr. Hammerden's room. Slowly he made his way to it while the other two conferred earnestly upon the situation.

In three minutes he was back, a grim smile about his mouth betokening further happenings.

"They're quick at work," he snapped. "Pearson tells me Lombard-st. was broken into last night—my safe stripped of private papers, and the picture gone."

"Where?"

"The three looked at each other in silence."

"I'm off," said the Honourable Bill. "It's time we were on the job."

"As the big car glided slowly towards the gates of 'Braylins,' Mr. Blakeley came upon Miss Schornhurst alone. She was seated upon the grass reading, and rose as he stopped and held out his hand.

"I'm off," he announced abruptly. "She came slowly towards him; a shade, the faintest, of disappointment crossing her face."

"We haven't seen a very great deal of you, Mr. Blakeley," she murmured.

"Not this time," answered the Honourable Bill, with very marked emphasis.

Miss Schornhurst coloured slightly; the faintest flush, that added in Mr. Blakeley's eyes to her adorable loveliness.

"Then one might expect to see you again—soon," she said diffidently.

A rose she carried in her hand

began a process of disintegration under her taper fingers.

"One might," answered the Honourable Bill, "if one cared to wish so, and mentioned it."

The great brown eyes of the American girl fixed suddenly upon his, then dropped away.

"I shall be very glad to see you, of course," she said slowly. "If you come."

The Honourable Bill Blakeley looked at her one immeasurable instant; the next second he was standing beside her on the drive.

"Don't do that," he said gently taking the rose from her hand and putting it in his pocket. "Do you know what I'm coming back for?" he said jocularly.

Her great eyes searched his face whimsically for a moment.

"How should I?" she questioned innocently.

"You," said the astounding Mr. Blakeley. "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen and I love you! I don't care a curse who knows it."

In the next moment he was gone. For a long time she stood staring before her with softly parted lips and a look of sweet wonder in her eyes. Listened also, as though she heard the deep hum of the big car, as though she carried some message back to her. When it had died away she turned and went slowly indoors.

CHAPTER XI.

"Just Before the Battle, Mother."

IN a luxurious divan chair in the Lounge of a certain well-known house of refreshment in the Strand, famous for the solid excellence of its cuisine, Mr. David Derrick II., its owner, Mr. David Derrick II., the Leverage letter known to the cognoscenti of the Underworld of Europe and the U.S.A. as "The Parson"—sat and meditated profoundly.

A passer-by, glancing at his clean-shaven, keen-eyed face, his scrupulously quiet and neat grey clothes, and the most clerical touch of the black tie and shoes, would have appraised him as a successful business man of the intellectual type.

The excellence of the cigar he smoked and the somewhat ostentatiously displayed "Shipping Gazette" spread upon his knee would have lent substance to what would have proved an extremely fleeting shadow. From his native Chicago, through the United Kingdom and the Continent, no shadow more so than that of Derrick II.

Mr. Leverage was a successful man in his own business without doubt—quite at the top of his particular tree—but scarcely in the sense that would have been intended by the appraiser.

"The Parson" liked the haunts of business men; the more lurid high-lights of others in his profession held no charms for him whatever. He did not drink; for him, except as a medium for the exhibition of jewellery of value (which they might lose later), had no place in his category of the useful things of this life. Too often had he seen a combina-

tion of these two luxuries lower the flag of the most promising intellects of the predatory field. Not for Mr. Leverage—thank you.

He liked business men; found in them solid virtues for his artistic activities, possessed by no other class. Jewellery, an occasional bank safe—to keep in touch with the latest inventions for security, and the methods of rendering them futile—and such like, were excellent as a change; a distraction; but for solid work, something a man might take pride and pleasure in, business men—first, last, and all the time. Serve him up a sound, hard-headed, ruthless Captain of Industry to get his teeth into and Mr. Leverage was happy. He asked no more of him.

A smile of pleasant reminiscence played across his severe features as he thought of Signor Casanova, of Casanova Lombardi and Co., of Milan, Rome, and Paris.

Seventy-five thousand good U.S.A. dollars was paid M. Fontaine, of the Marseilles and Orient Shipping Co., thirty-five thousand—should have been double but that the little gentleman developed cold feet at a critical moment. Extracting coppers from a blind man's tin! Herr Gelman, of Hamburg, Bremen, and Berlin. A hard nut that bird—Jewish extraction. A hurried departure from the Viceroy with warrants flying about! Still, twenty-seven thousand marks (with the mark at par)—it might have been worse! More recently, was not the had given a very excellent yield to the acre—and at this point Mr. Leverage's smile broadened considerably. He had trimmed those suckers—my hat he had, good and proper! Very few of that brigade who had done business with the great transatlantic firm of Goddard, Lothrop, and Nitz, of New York, Chicago and Boston—solely represented upon this side by Cyrus J. Hobner (nee Leverage) that had not lifted their voices in mortal agony. He had stung them with the vicious deadliness of the rattlesnake of his native beach. Swine!

And now, he ruminated, Mr. John Hamnerden. A big job! game this, but a man playing for his life, with Mr. Leverage holding the trump! A murder game—with a verdict of guilty; and the death sentence all nicely wrapped up. Very good card—beatable in the hands of a skilled player like Mr. Derrick Leverage. John Hamnerden's life against £250,000—and

direction than his earlier efforts. He did not, however, hang out his shingle or give undue publicity to his place of business. With commendable assiduity he applied himself under the tutelage of the famous "Silk" Bessie—an Italian professor of the art who had taken a great fancy to the humorous McGraw whilst serving their sentences at Juliet—to a study of the sciences of electricity and chemistry. By chemicals it is not meant that Mr. McGraw could have compounded the family prescriptions, but he could make a salveror of everything he wished but talk. He went right to the top with a bound.

But, as "The Parson" had rightly informed him that night at Spodanis, he was no thinker. His mental processes were technical; concentrating upon at job actually before him, and stopping at the last, the gamut of a preliminary reason. The amalgamation and consolidation into one sound "plant" of a hundred gleanings of information from the most unexpected quarters, the careful planning and timing, the staff work of not a nocturnal enterprise, these were not for him. He never used the juice "on a steel box, and no more dangerous man to disturb while he was using it. Once accomplished, his ungoverned gentility returned to him; the vicious outfit to be sent aside with his working outfit.

Thus "The Parson" and Mr. McGraw were the perfect pair—the Jack sprat and his wife of their lucrative, if hazardous, profession.

Mr. Leverage glanced up as a newcomer stumbled against his foot, and with profuse apologies pressed along to get a light for his cigarette. Mr. McGraw, however, gravely the country of its origin from every padded square; the whole atmosphere of him weirdly inharmonious with the oaken surroundings. Lying upon the newspaper in Mr. Leverage's lap after he had passed was a letter addressed to one—David J. Partnell—and stamped with the postmark of Sunbury-on-Thames. Mr. Leverage, shaking his head mournfully on his lieutenant's appalling sartorial arrangements, deftly covered the envelope with others from his breast pocket; then, extracting it casually from the bunch, opened and read it.

A few minutes later, Mr. McGraw dropped hastily into a chair contiguous to Mr. Leverage's and opening up a loudly emblazoned page of a Chicago Sunday journal, the headlines of which could be read from across the room, awaited that gentleman's pleasure.

"Right," remarked Mr. Leverage, putting the letter carefully away. "Eleven a.m. to-morrow."

"Good," returned Jerry. "Say," he continued in the same restrained tone. "I sure had a job getting that mail. I began to think they wasn't going to come over with it."

"Oh," said Mr. Leverage.

"Yes. Some blonde Jane what I chat to me the up-and-down-an-all-over, like she had a bad smell under her nose. 'You gotta card?' she says. 'Nope,' says I. 'I changed my clothes. I'm sure forgot to bring one!' Nor no letters, nor no noddin' on me but me. 'Nix,' says I. 'I got noddin' on me but me. 'Den she blows an' han's the talk to a bald-head guy with blinks; got up like he was respectin' on a midget. He comes salin' along the same he had duck feet. I got in the first dig. 'That letter's sure mine,' squeals me. 'I was in the talk to a blonde, I dunno about this,' says he, holding the letter, and the blonde says, 'Where's it from?' 'Handed to him by 'Sunbury,' says I. 'I s'pose it's all right,' says he, and does the come-over. I handed out a joint like a corp slidin' down a greasy plank."

"I don't expect we'll need to trouble them again," commented Mr. Leverage.

"I don't want no more of 'em in mine!" answered Mr. McGraw bluntly. "That gold-top Cissy was sure far off the ice."

"Anything else?" inquired the Parson in the same still voice.

"I seen Frankie Pultare this mornin'. He said tell you Spodanis's friends got that place at what-a-time."

"Tilbury!" assented his auditor.

"Sure. I can't think them names. He's got it fixed, an' paid over the dough. Frankie got it, an' we can blow in when we're ready."

"Good," nodded Mr. Leverage.

"Frankie's got peevish over mimmis' that duck guy tother night. Regler sore in the temper. 'Him an' Howarth near come to it last night over some fluff bird. He's hater to the blue juice again."

Mr. Leverage grunted his teeth.

"'Bout the half-breed foot," he hissed; "and the drink and women. I wish his country would go dry until this job's done. There'll be trouble with Howarth yet."

Mr. McGraw grinned pleasantly.

"He'll buzz to him out of a blue steel barrel-quick. He's bin an' bought a dose—one of them man-eating 'great Dane' terriers with a wall eye. Big as a mule and vicious as a Greek what's-a-said with a cop. 'Gottin' it? Gosh! getting it! s'posed a disgusted face and Mr. McGraw said, 'First time that wall-eye looks sideways at me. I drink him-quick!'

"May be useful at this Tilbury house," commented Mr. Leverage. "Pretty lonely place, I fancy. 'How are the woman and the youngster?"

"They're O.K. Frankie's running them down to head hopelessly over his head. 'I can't fix them. Place is no ways."

"What's the story?"

"Kind of a name, I reckon," commented Jerry. "But that's the spot. 'He's mimmis' 'em down at Spodanis's ear and drivin' 'em up at a farm. She's all toged up now, and cert'ly looks the goods. If only that Howarth put some heat on an' puts the booze on 'em—she's gonna get away with it. I figure."

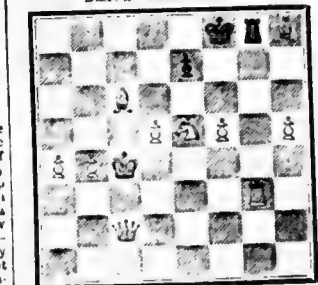
Mr. Leverage's eyes narrowed, and glittered dangerously.

"I'll see that gentleman," he said, in his voice a ring of trouble for the big half-breed. "After to-morrow's interview I'll know better how I stand with regard to him. In any case, he'll be better down at this Spodanis place. He can keep in charge there; and drink him self to death if he wants to. The quicker the better."

(To be continued.)

CHESS: By A. G. CONDE.

PROBLEM No. 25.
By T. and J. Warton.
BLACK—Three Pieces.



WHITE—Eleven Pieces.
White mates in three moves.

Solution to Problem No. 22 (Walsworth).
Key-move: 1. Rf2.
If 1... K x P, 2. Rf3, K moves; 3. mate accordingly.
If 1... Bf4, 2. K x P and mate next move.
If 1... Rf3, 2. B x P and mate next move. The break is: 2. Bf3, ch, followed by 3. Rf3 mate.

A clever 3-er.
Correct solutions received from: Mrs. W. C. Jones, A. C. Brady, J. Bridge, R. C. Chester, H. Martin, H. A. Hanson, R. Appleton, (Sunderland), H. Atkinson, R. M. C. V. Gonzalez, Miss Olive, M. Mason, Dr. T. Adrian, C. W. Mrs. Mac, M. McNally (Manchester).

Solution to No. 21 also received from: U. L. G. Ingleside, P. J. Gibbs, G. Hoffman, A. W. Yallop, R. Appleton, A. A. Hardstone, P. K. C. O'Connor, F. Lambert, K. McNally.

GAME No. 76.
Game played in the third round of the Liverpool Congress between V. L. Walsworth and Sir U. A. Thomas.

WHITE: Walsworth. BLACK: Thomas.
White: (Queen's Pawn Opening).

1. P4-K4, 2. P4-K4, 3. P4-K4, 4. P4-K4, 5. P4-K4, 6. P4-K4, 7. P4-K4, 8. P4-K4, 9. P4-K4, 10. P4-K4, 11. P4-K4, 12. P4-K4, 13. P4-K4, 14. P4-K4, 15. P4-K4, 16. P4-K4, 17. P4-K4, 18. P4-K4, 19. P4-K4, 20. P4-K4, 21. P4-K4, 22. P4-K4, 23. P4-K4, 24. P4-K4, 25. P4-K4, 26. P4-K4, 27. P4-K4, 28. P4-K4, 29. P4-K4, 30. P4-K4, 31. P4-K4, 32. P4-K4, 33. P4-K4, 34. P4-K4, 35. P4-K4, 36. P4-K4, 37. P4-K4, 38. P4-K4, 39. P4-K4, 40. P4-K4, 41. P4-K4, 42. P4-K4, 43. P4-K4, 44. P4-K4, 45. P4-K4, 46. P4-K4, 47. P4-K4, 48. P4-K4, 49. P4-K4, 50. P4-K4, 51. P4-K4, 52. P4-K4, 53. P4-K4, 54. P4-K4, 55. P4-K4, 56. P4-K4, 57. P4-K4, 58. P4-K4, 59. P4-K4, 60. P4-K4, 61. P4-K4, 62. P4-K4, 63. P4-K4, 64. P4-K4, 65. P4-K4, 66. P4-K4, 67. P4-K4, 68. P4-K4, 69. P4-K4, 70. P4-K4, 71. P4-K4, 72. P4-K4, 73. P4-K4, 74. P4-K4, 75. P4-K4, 76. P4-K4, 77. P4-K4, 78. P4-K4, 79. P4-K4, 80. P4-K4, 81. P4-K4, 82. P4-K4, 83. P4-K4, 84. P4-K4, 85. P4-K4, 86. P4-K4, 87. P4-K4, 88. P4-K4, 89. P4-K4, 90. P4-K4, 91. P4-K4, 92. P4-K4, 93. P4-K4, 94. P4-K4, 95. P4-K4, 96. P4-K4, 97. P4-K4, 98. P4-K4, 99. P4-K4, 100. P4-K4, 101. P4-K4, 102. P4-K4, 103. P4-K4, 104. P4-K4, 105. P4-K4, 106. P4-K4, 107. P4-K4, 108. P4-K4, 109. P4-K4, 110. P4-K4, 111. P4-K4, 112. P4-K4, 113. P4-K4, 114. P4-K4, 115. P4-K4, 116. P4-K4, 117. P4-K4, 118. P4-K4, 119. P4-K4, 120. P4-K4, 121. P4-K4, 122. P4-K4, 123. P4-K4, 124. P4-K4, 125. P4-K4, 126. P4-K4, 127. P4-K4, 128. P4-K4, 129. P4-K4, 130. P4-K4, 131. P4-K4, 132. P4-K4, 133. P4-K4, 134. P4-K4, 135. P4-K4, 136. P4-K4, 137. P4-K4, 138. P4-K4, 139. P4-K4, 140. P4-K4, 141. P4-K4, 142. P4-K4, 143. P4-K4, 144. P4-K4, 145. P4-K4, 146. P4-K4, 147. P4-K4, 148. P4-K4, 149. P4-K4, 150. P4-K4, 151. P4-K4, 152. P4-K4, 153. P4-K4, 154. P4-K4, 155. P4-K4, 156. P4-K4, 157. P4-K4, 158. P4-K4, 159. P4-K4, 160. P4-K4, 161. P4-K4, 162. P4-K4, 163. P4-K4, 164. P4-K4, 165. P4-K4, 166. P4-K4, 167. P4-K4, 168. P4-K4, 169. P4-K4, 170. P4-K4, 171. P4-K4, 172. P4-K4, 173. P4-K4, 174. P4-K4, 175. P4-K4, 176. P4-K4, 177. P4-K4, 178. P4-K4, 179. P4-K4, 180. P4-K4, 181. P4-K4, 182. P4-K4, 183. P4-K4, 184. P4-K4, 185. P4-K4, 186. P4-K4, 187. P4-K4, 188. P4-K4, 189. P4-K4, 190. P4-K4, 191. P4-K4, 192. P4-K4, 193. P4-K4, 194. P4-K4, 195. P4-K4, 196. P4-K4, 197. P4-K4, 198. P4-K4, 199. P4-K4, 200. P4-K4, 201. P4-K4, 202. P4-K4, 203. P4-K4, 204. P4-K4, 205. P4-K4, 206. P4-K4, 207. P4-K4, 208. P4-K4, 209. P4-K4, 210. P4-K4, 211. P4-K4, 212. P4-K4, 213. P4-K4, 214. P4-K4, 215. P4-K4, 216. P4-K4, 217. P4-K4, 218. P4-K4, 219. P4-K4, 220. P4-K4, 221. P4-K4, 222. P4-K4, 223. P4-K4, 224. P4-K4, 225. P4-K4, 226. P4-K4, 227. P4-K4, 228. P4-K4, 229. P4-K4, 230. P4-K4, 231. P4-K4, 232. P4-K4, 233. P4-K4, 234. P4-K4, 235. P4-K4, 236. P4-K4, 237. P4-K4, 238. P4-K4, 239. P4-K4, 240. P4-K4, 241. P4-K4, 242. P4-K4, 243. P4-K4, 244. P4-K4, 245. P4-K4, 246. P4-K4, 247. P4-K4, 248. P4-K4, 249. P4-K4, 250. P4-K4, 251. P4-K4, 252. P4-K4, 253. P4-K4, 254. P4-K4, 255. P4-K4, 256. P4-K4, 257. P4-K4, 258. P4-K4, 259. P4-K4, 260. P4-K4, 261. P4-K4, 262. P4-K4, 263. P4-K4, 264. P4-K4, 265. P4-K4, 266. P4-K4, 267. P4-K4, 268. P4-K4, 269. P4-K4, 270. P4-K4, 271. P4-K4, 272. P4-K4, 273. P4-K4, 274. P4-K4, 275. P4-K4, 276. P4-K4, 277. P4-K4, 278. P4-K4, 279. P4-K4, 280. P4-K4, 281. P4-K4, 282. P4-K4, 283. P4-K4, 284. P4-K4, 285. P4-K4, 286. P4-K4, 287. P4-K4, 288. P4-K4, 289. P4-K4, 290. P4-K4, 291. P4-K4, 292. P4-K4, 293. P4-K4, 294. P4-K4, 295. P4-K4, 296. P4-K4, 297. P4-K4, 298. P4-K4, 299. P4-K4, 300. P4-K4, 301. P4-K4, 302. P4-K4, 303. P4-K4, 304. P4-K4, 305. P4-K4, 306. P4-K4, 307. P4-K4, 308. P4-K4, 309. P4-K4, 310. P4-K4, 311. P4-K4, 312. P4-K4, 313. P4-K4, 314. P4-K4, 315. P4-K4, 316. P4-K4, 317. P4-K4, 318. P4-K4, 319. P4-K4, 320. P4-K4, 321. P4-K4, 322. P4-K4, 323. P4-K4, 324. P4-K4, 325. P4-K4, 326. P4-K4, 327. P4-K4, 328. P4-K4, 329. P4-K4, 330. P4-K4, 331. P4-K4, 332. P4-K4, 333. P4-K4, 334. P4-K4, 335. P4-K4, 336. P4-K4, 337. P4-K4, 338. P4-K4, 339. P4-K4, 340. P4-K4, 341. P4-K4, 342. P4-K4, 343. P4-K4, 344. P4-K4, 345. P4-K4, 346. P4-K4, 347. P4-K4, 348. P4-K4, 349. P4-K4, 350. P4-K4, 351. P4-K4, 352. P4-K4, 353. P4-K4, 354. P4-K4, 355. P4-K4, 356. P4-K4, 357. P4-K4, 358. P4-K4, 359. P4-K4, 360. P4-K4, 361. P4-K4, 362. P4-K4, 363. P4-K4, 364. P4-K4, 365. P4-K4, 366. P4-K4, 367. P4-K4, 368. P4-K4, 369. P4-K4, 370. P4-K4, 371. P4-K4, 372. P4-K4, 373. P4-K4,

